

The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR. No. 38

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Jasper's Note Book

MR. Griesbach showed to good advantage at the meeting in the rink on Monday night and the effect of his speech on public opinion has been very apparent. Some of those who are opposing Mr. Oliver, not because they agree with the viewpoint of the Conservative party on the leading national issue, but because they hold that no constituency is justified in sending back to Ottawa a man who appeals to it under such conditions as the Minister of the Interior does, had begun to fear that his opponent was not disposed to make the fight on the questions that had led them to take the stand that they had.

The Saturday News has never shared these fears. It had confidence in Mr. Griesbach's rising to the occasion and from the moment that Mr. Rutherford retired was convinced that it was the duty of everyone who felt that the continued presence of the Minister of the Interior at Ottawa as the representative of this constituency would be a menace and a reproach to it, should rally to the support of the Conservative nominee. And they are doing so in such large numbers that the result here is bound to cause no little surprise to those who are not acquainted with the strength of the feeling which Mr. Oliver has created against himself.

MR. Griesbach explained his delay in taking strongly aggressive ground against Mr. Oliver on the basis of the charges which had been made against him. He desired to give the Minister every opportunity to take the public into his confidence and throw the light that they asked for on the various transactions that had been made the subject of so much discussion.

There was a grave danger of erring too far on the side of moderation but certainly no one could have wished for any more explicit statement of the case or a more logical drawing of conclusions than that which Mr. Griesbach provided on Monday night. No man who is honest with himself and who wishes to have the constituency retain its good name could have heard the indictment, and, having regard to the utterly inadequate attempts at a defense, do otherwise than vote against the Minister of the Interior next Thursday.

THERE is no necessity of fully traversing the ground that has already been covered on this page in recent weeks. Sufficient it is to point out that neither the Minister nor any of his supporters have made any attempt to meet the vital points of the case against him.

They have not explained why it was that in 1907 the Department of the Interior granted the concessions to the Canadian Northern Railway that Mr. Sifton in 1897, when reviving the rights which the railway had forfeited entirely by failure to construct its line within the time limit, had expressly provided should not be granted. It is not disputed that the transaction meant millions of dollars to the Canadian Northern. Mr. Oliver says his department had legal advice that it had to act as it did. If this is the case, Mr. Sifton in 1897 must have had the exactly contrary advice.

It is not difficult matter to trump up such an excuse as Mr. Oliver offers and it may go down with some. But the ordinary layman will find it impossible to believe that a railway which had failed to live up to its agreement, but whose rights were revived on certain conditions, could legally get away from these conditions ten years after the former minister of the Interior had set forth the terms on which it could proceed with the enterprise.

AS for the statements that this transaction had something to do with the large sums of money which Mr. Oliver admits he deposited to the credit of his account but which he refuses to explain, we have no means of knowing at the present time just how much basis in fact they have. All that we do know is that a man, who was considered of enough importance to secure lengthy interviews on the subject with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, declared that he could substantiate his accusations. It makes no difference whether we credit what he has to say or not. We do not need to go further than an examination of the course which the government adopted in dealing with him.

He was summoned to Ottawa to tell his story. The bank officials were also subpoenaed. Why were they there if Mr. Oliver had no intention of exposing his bank account, which he now declares no one had a right to require of him? Why was

the House dissolved so suddenly at least a week before there was any necessity for doing so and in violation of the pledge given by the chairman of the investigating committee, if the government was not afraid to let the hearing go on? These are questions which demand an answer but have been from first to last eluded by the ministers and his friends.

Mr. McGillucuddy has in recent weeks made his accusations very explicit. Mr. Oliver's supporters have urged that he be prosecuted for libel. Why has this not been done if the accusations were not well-founded?

As for Mr. Oliver's responsibility for the unsatisfactory situation which has arisen in connection with the development of the northern part of the province, at the first of the campaign he called the man a liar who intimated that he had something to do with bringing this about. Now he admits that he

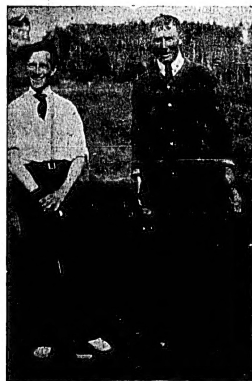
as the representative of the West in the Cabinet. No such man should wield the power of a great and influential post.

WHAT Mr. Oliver's canvassers are depending on almost altogether to secure his return is the sordid argument that Edmonton cannot afford to give up representation in the Cabinet. This assumes, of course, that the government will be returned. There is every indication that it will be. It has a tremendous load of administrative inefficiency and dishonesty to carry which under ordinary circumstances, in conjunction with the chaos that prevails in the Liberal ranks in so many parts of the Dominion, would in all probability have brought about its defeat. But the course which the Conservative leaders have pursued on the fiscal issue, and the fact that if they are returned it will be with the aid of Mr. Bourassa, are telling strongly in favor of the Liberal cause and a good sized government majority is confidently looked for.

In The Public Eye



Sir Wilfrid Laurier hard at work campaigning in his native province



The new golf champion of Alberta, Mr. Downey of Calgary, is the figure to the left in the above. With him is Mr. John Graham, a former well-known Edmonton player.

THIS is all the more reason why those Liberals who disapprove of the Minister of the Interior and who condemn the action of the government in throwing its influence behind a man who appeals to his old constituency with such a cloud hanging over him, should make the verdict which Edmonton registers on Thursday next as decisive as is possible. The issue



Mr. Richard Grigg, British Trade Commissioner, now making a tour of the Canadian West

here is not reciprocity but Mr. Oliver, and men of both parties should vote accordingly.

If Edmonton is prepared to sanction the course which he has pursued because of what it thinks it may secure through having him in the Cabinet, its people have neither the intelligence nor the integrity they have been given credit for. They would be failing in their plain duty not only to themselves but to the cause of good government.

The facts that we have already stated show how little Mr. Oliver has ever been disposed to use his position for the advantage of his constituents where his own narrow-minded desires stood in the way. Edmonton has done much for him. What he has done for Edmonton is much more than counterbalanced by the obstacles which he has placed in the way of its development. But even if the balance were all the other way, no elector would be justified in endorsing a man who seeks election after such a series of incidents as those which marked the closing weeks of the parliament just dissolved.

THE elections have been too long drawn out and no one can fall to welcome the closing hours of the campaign. After all its stress, one turns with relief to such a subject as Dr. Finley of the University of New York discusses in the article from the Youth's Companion which is reproduced on another page of this issue. It will strike

a responsive chord in the hearts of all who have ever participated in the keen though simple delights of the road. The man or woman who has not been in the habit of taking long trips afoot has missed a large share of the supreme joys of life. Once the habit is acquired it is never shaken off and there is no time for making a beginning like the glorious days of early autumn that we are now in the midst of. I would like to supplement Dr. Finley's observations by some that I clipped a number of years ago from the Atlantic Monthly for my scrap book. They struck me as admirable in every way.

"Few men," the writer declared, "know how to take a walk. The qualifications of the professor are endurance, plain clothes, old shoes, an eye for nature, good humor, vast curiosity, good speech, good silence and nothing too much. If a man tells me he has an intense love of nature, I know, of course that he has none. Good observers have the manners of trees and animals, their patient good sense, and if they add words, it is only when words are better than silence. But a loud singer or a story teller or a vain talker profanes the river and the forest and is nothing like so good company as a dog.

"When Nero asked for a new luxury, a walk in the woods should have been offered. It is one of the secrets for dodging old age; for nature makes a like impression on age and on youth. Then I recommend it to people who are growing old against their will. A man in that predicament, if he stands before a mirror, or among young people, is made quite sensible of the fact; but the forest awakes in him the same feelings as it did when he was a boy and he may draw a moral from the fact that it is the old trees that have all the beauty and grandeur."

LONDON Truth, which almost invariably knows what it is talking about in connection with these matters, has this to say of a recent incident which has been much discussed in Canada:

"It is disheartening to find how little appreciation there is of our well-meant efforts to do honour to the representatives of the overseas dominions. Too often it turns out that the prophet is without honor in his own country. A notable case is that of Sir Joseph Ward. From the letters, the newspapers, and the pamphlets which continue to reach me it is evident that Sir Joseph's welcome here has been regarded with anything but delight in New Zealand. Another case is that of Sir W. M. Aitken, the Canadian financier who is now M.P. for Ashton-under-Lyne. The announcement of his knighthood evoked some unflattering comments in the Canadian Press, and Canadians have since been writing me in the same strain, more especially in reference to Sir W. M. Aitken's part in the flotation of the cement 'merger' which has provoked much hostile criticism.

"Hitherto I have refrained from noticing these communications, but in view of a letter just to hand, it seems necessary to disabuse the minds of Canadians on one point. The writer says it has been galling to them to see this knighthood bestowed under the auspices of the Liberal Government in England. But this is a case in which the Government were only responsible in a purely formal sense. The Coronation honors were shared with the Opposition, and Sir W. M. Aitken was one of the selections of the Conservative party which he adorns. Canadians should give the credit for the knighthood where it is due."

One must wonder, though, in following the career of the new knight whether the charge is a just one on this continent we worship wealth to a disgusting extent as compared with the Old Land. There is no question that Sir Max's claims to distinction are based wholly on the financial operations which he has been able to put through. They may or may not be open to criticism, but certainly they cannot rank as great services to the public. It is doubtful if he could be elected to the Canadian parliament, yet he goes to England and with his money as his sole passport takes a front rank in the political world there.

THE annual distribution of £1200 in the civil list pensions generally recalls some romance or tragedy in the worlds of science, letters and art. Recently there appeared in the list the name of the daughter of the late Dr. George Gore, F.R.S., L.L.D.

When Dr. Gore died two years ago at the age of 82 he left most of his small fortune £30,000 to the Royal Society and Royal Institution for the furtherance of original scientific research, which accounts for the daughter's need of the small pension now granted to her. The amount of money Dr. Gore might have made it would be difficult to estimate. Upon the chemical discoveries which re-

(Continued on page eleven)

TERRIBLE HEADACHES

Trenton Merchant Driven To Despair By The Pain.

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THE King and Queen of Spain witnessed the performance of "Baby Mine" at the Vaudeville Theatre on Saturday night.—London Daily Mail.

Why did their Majesties go to London to see the play, when they have a continuous performance of the same at the Royal Palace in Madrid.

"CAN you tell me, my boy," said the intelligent instructor, "why the race is not always to the swift?"

"Yes'm," said the small boy, promptly. "It's because sometimes their tires bust."

AN Eastern college professor once visited the West on a geological expedition. He put up with a rancher. The first night on the ranch he slept in his clothes, like the rest of the boys, out of politeness, but the second night he complained about it.

"I can't find it," he said to the rancher. "I don't seem to get my rest. My boots especially incommode me."

So the hospitable rancher stretched a cowskin across the shack, and that night the professor slept in his long, white nightgown by himself.

At daybreak the night foreman came in while the professor was still slumbering. The foreman cast one glance at the sleeper, then tiptoed forth, and said to the rancher:

"Rather sudden, wa'n't it?"

"What?" the rancher asked.

"Why, the death of the old prof."

"He's not dead," said the rancher; "he's sleeping."

"Then what is he wearin' them b'iled clothes for?" snorted the foreman. "Never saw a chap laid out in b'iled clothes afore 'ceptin' he was dead."

THE three or four block stretch of Hudson's Bay bush-land beyond Seventeenth St. deceives many strangers who think they have come to the unsettled part of the town.

"Conductor!" exclaimed an irate woman who carried many bundles, as she paused on the platform of the crowded car. "I thought I told you that I want to get off at Twenty-First."

"But, madam—"

"Don't you say a word. I know all about your car being very full, and not being able to remember where everybody gets off. I've heard all that before."

"But, madam, I—"

"You may be sure that I shall report you, sir; and for your impudence, too!"

She alighted, the conductor rang the bell, and as the car started he said, politely, as he touched his cap:

"I'm very sorry, madam, but we are just coming to Twenty-first street."

THE W. S. Gilbert stories continue and promise to rival those of Douglas Jerrold. It is said that he was standing once on the steps of the Garrick Club and a short-sighted member coming out mistook him for the attendant, and said, "Call me a cab." Gilbert looked at him steadily for a minute and then responded, "You're a four-wheeler, sir!"

"What do you mean?" asked the member, embarrassed and indignant.

"Well," said Gilbert, "you asked me to call you a cab, and I couldn't call you hansom!"

CONDUCTOR—Did you get out and stretch your legs when we stopped at the junction? Passenger—Well, not exactly; I went into the dining-car and had them pulled.

A man recently returned from Europe tells this: Among us it is unusual to sew up children in woolen underwear for the winter. Not so abroad, and I once heard in Hungary of a case that you will hardly credit.

A man was arrested for stealing a pig, and they told him that he must take a bath before entering his cell.

"What! Take a bath?" the man cried in a horrified voice.

"Yes," said the jailer. "How long is it since you've had a bath?"
"So help me," said the prisoner, solemnly, "I never was arrested before—never."

Oh, marriage is a lottery!
That fact no one assails,
Therefore love letters should not be Permitted in the mails.

SEE that measuring worm crawling up my skirt?" cried Mrs. Bjens. "That's a sign that I'm going to have a new dress."
"Well, let him make it for you," growled Mr. Bjens. "And while he's about it, let him send a hookworm to do you up the back. I'm tired of the job."

THE Duchess of Blankshire (who has made a poor drive)—A little too much to the right, I'm afraid.

Obsequious professor (who is instructing the duchess)—Oh, not at all, your grace; the hole has been cut too much to the left.—Golf Illustrated.

HAVE you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?" asked Mrs. O'Brien.

"And phwat's ancel-ors?"

"Why people you sprung from."

"Listen to me, Mrs. O'Brien," said Mrs. Kelly impressively. "O! come from the side rock av Donahue; that sphring from nobody. They sphring at him."

I had a mighty queer surprise this morning," remarked a local stockbroker. "I put in my last summer's thin suit on account of this extraordinarily hot weather, and in one of the trouser pockets I found a big roll of bills which I had entirely forgotten."

"Were any of them receipted?" asked a listener who seemed to be a pessimist.

ARAMIE was then the home of Bill Nye, writes Carrie Adell Sirahorn, in "Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage," describing early days in the far American west.

He edited the Laramie Boomerang, which brought him into prominence as a humorist. Bill Nye was a funny man with his pen, but not with his tongue, and it was seldom that he could give quick, bright repartee in his speech. Once in his home town his wit did come in a sudden flash on an occasion when he went into a bar for his favorite beverage.

As he put his foot on the rail and leaned over the mahogany a stalwart stranger gave him a shove that roused the funny man's ire. Turning about and indignantly scolding the great bulk of humanity beside him, he said he would give him two minutes in which to apologize.

The great six-footer eyed Mr. Nye's diminutive form from his bald head down to his shiny boots and back again, taking nearly the limit of his time in the scrutiny. Then, without a gesture or a smile he simply said, "I apologize," and walked out.

The manipulator of cock-tails let go his breath with a noisy "whew" as he asked Nye if he knew who that man was.

Mr. Nye replied that he did not, and didn't care, as he had apologized. The man behind the bar was so excited he could scarcely articulate, but he bawled out:

"Why—why—why that man is John L. Sullivan; now what would you have done if he had not apologized? I say what would you have done?"

"Well," said Nye, as his eyes widened with the thought of his miraculous escape, "I would have extended his time."

THESE stirring days in Leduc and the local poet celebrates them in some verses of which the following is an example:

They are sneaking back to Leduc,
They are tired of husks and chaff;
I wonder if some friend for them
Will kill the fatted calf.

They do not seek to shirk hard work;
Their hearts and feet are sore;
Let them but reach this favored spot,
And they sure will roam no more.

Their wisdom teeth I think they've cut,
They are wiser day by day,
Nor more for them a paradise
Three thousand miles away.

They are sneaking back to Leduc,
Give them your hottest roast;
They will take the worst that you can say,
But not the Pacific coast.

They don't like flowers with earthquakes mixed,
Nor seas that sigh and moan,
When every night they bring a fog
That chills you to the bone.

That will be great material for R. T. Telford, when the Alberta Legislature meets next.

"Don't shoot me, sir."
Householder—"On one condition, that you tell me how you got in without waking my wife."



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A FICKLE JADE

By George Weston in Harper's Magazine

ON his fiftieth birthday Mr. Jolley had retired from the cheese business and had surrendered himself to his lifelong ambition of being a poet. For many years he had felt the divine gift surging so strongly within him that there had been times when he had scarcely been able to tolerate the intrusion of Roqueforts, Bries, and American creams; but, like a prudent man, he had realized the importance of lining his treasury before beginning to treasure his lines. On his golden anniversary, however, Mr. Jolley had walked out of his cheese warehouse and out of the cheese trade in a spirit of blissful exaltation and even as a youth cries in his heart on the day of his majority, "Now I am a man!" so did Mr. Jolley shake hands with his business successor, and walk out into the sunlit street, swelling and singing with the thought, "And now I am a poet!"

Like a prudent man again he had already arranged his plans. In his room at Mrs. Spencer's boarding-house he had installed a library desk, a team of linen paper, and a waste-paper basket. There he had seated himself, and there, with a noble scorn of sonnets, triolets, ballades, madrigals, and all the lesser forms of poetry, he had plunged into "America: An Epic Poem"; for what Homer had been to Greece, and Dante to Italy, and Milton to England, Mr. Jolley determined to be to America. And there for months and months he had filled his waste-basket, and there at last he was beginning to make the discovery that whereas in the cheese business his mind had run continually to poetry, now that he had set up as a poet it was difficult for him to keep his thoughts away from the cheeses.

Though never did a man more ardently woo his Muse. Once he had said to himself, "She is angry at me because I ignored her so long," and looking at his manuscript he added in a gently protesting voice, "But, you know, I simply had to make my money first." Then, rumpling his hair and scowling with intensity he sometimes strode up and down his room and sometimes he walked around the Park muttering, "Come, now, inspiration! Come, now! Strike me! Hang it all, what's the matter with you, anyway?" For Mr. Jolley was growing peevish, as even the most gentle of men might, after walking out for hours in the moonlight, wooing a Muse, and afterwards discovering that he has succeeded only in catching a cold.

One evening while Mr. Jolley was sneezing away in iambic and dactylic measures (as the result of a midnight rumination in the rain the night before) he heard a gently hesitating feminine knock upon his door.

"Come in!" he cried.
"Rap-rap-rap!"
"Come in!" repeated Mr. Jolley, and seeing that the door still remained closed, he crossed the room and opened it. "Ah!" said Mr. Jolley—and a gain "ah!"

For standing in the hall at Mr. Jolley's door was his next-door neighbor, Miss Cairn, with a small bottle of medicine in her hand and a large blush upon each of her cheeks. Her hair was gray, but a princess might have envied her complexion, and the diamonds on the princess's crown would have glistened green with jealousy when they looked into Miss Cairn's eyes. She had prepared a little speech, "Oh Mr. Jolley, I heard you coughing and sneezing, and I know how it is myself, for I used to suffer with colds dreadfully, but I have here a bottle of medicine which has done wonders for me and I want you to try it. One teaspoonful every hour." But when it came to the point of delivering this famous oration Miss Cairn found herself strangely embarrassed. She started it right enough, "Oh—" and then, holding out the medicine, she faintly murmured "—colds —spoonful every hour," and hurried back to her room and sat there in the dark for hours, wondering, quaking, trembling lest desire to aid a suffering fellow-creature had made her appear "forward" or "bold."

On the other side of the wall Mr. Jolley thoughtfully looked at the bottle and even more thoughtfully he took a spoonful of the remedy. He paused and started while the spoon was yet in his mouth, and then, hastily laying it aside, he hurried to his desk. Inspiration had struck him, and before it became exhausted he had nearly finished the first canto of his epic.

"I wonder," he thought as he took his third spoonful of medicine (and the thought went through him like a thrill)—"I wonder if the Muse is jealous of her!" And after much consideration Mr. Jolley smiled an artful smile and drew a fresh piece of paper from the drawer. The next morning Miss Cairn found an envelope under the door and when she opened it she read the following verses:

"Miss Cairn, I wish to thank you
In my humblest verse,
For if you hadn't helped me
My cold would have been worse."

"So now remember if you please,
Though I am but your debtor,
That though I only took it thrice
Already I feel better."

Charles R. Jolley.

"P.S.—There is something for you outside the door."

Miss Cairn opened the door and found the empty medicine bottle and a volume of Longfellow. She placed the book upon her dresser, but the verses which Mr. Jolley had written to her she read and read until she had learned them by heart. "And just to think!" she murmured, her color heightening, her eyes shining—"a poem written to me! Why I never dreamed of such a thing in all my life —never!" She found that the verses fitted into a photograph frame on the wall and there she proudly installed them, and when she went out that day she wore her prettiest dress, as becomes a woman who has had a poet writing verses about her; and when she saw the grand ladies bowing by in their automobiles she thought to herself, "Yes, but you ought to see what is hanging on my wall!" And she felt quite sorry for them.

That night Mr. Jolley was unsuccessfully wooing his Muse again when he heard a timid rap upon his door, and then the floor of the hall creaked and he heard the click of Miss Cairn's latch. He opened the door and found another bottle of medicine and a note. The note said, "Thank you ever so much for the poetry. It is simply beautiful. Sincerely, Lucy Cairn." Mr. Jolley smiled with gratification and pleasure—even poets are human—and then turned to his epic with gloomy austerity. Hours before he had written the line:

"And Washington whose name was George, looked
on with frown alarming..."

And there his inspiration had gone and had left him high and dry as a tide will sometimes leave an oyster on the beach, mute and helpless. Mr. Jolley turned again to Miss Cairn's note, and presently, as though by magic, poetical ideas seized him in such numbers that he seized his pen and continued:

"And so did Martha, too, his wife, so very sweet
and charming,
So Martha I will now describe, her eyes and all
pertaining..."

Yes, there was Mr. Jolley ambling away before he knew it, all over the slopes of "Parnassus," and when he put his work aside that night he said to himself, surreptitiously (so his Muse would not hear him), ambiguously, but with a firm conviction nevertheless, "And now I'm sure she is jealous of her!" Whether or not Mr. Jolley was right, it is certain that his Muse began to stink. For nearly a month the epic remained in "statu quo." In vain did Mr. Jolley smile at Miss Cairn, in vain did they go out long walks together; in vain did he escort her to church; his Muse remained obdurate, and the epic hung suspended on the following line:

"Then Franklin in his powdered wig cried, loudly,
'Bring my carriage...'"

"Hum!" said Mr. Jolley in a moody reverie one night as he stood over his manuscript and shook his finger at it. "You'll go too far yet. That's what you'll do. Here I have been waiting all my life for this, and now look at the way you treat me. There I used to be brimming over with poetical ideas, and now every time I sit down to write my mind is a blank. Or else I begin thinking about—'Ahem!' Mr. Jolley said it very loud. 'Ahem! And so I tell you again: you'll go too far yet. You mark my words! I'll give you a fair trial, but if you think I am going to throw my whole life away on you, without any more encouragement than this—why—as—ah!" Sitting quickly down at his desk he continued:

"He drove away to Parliament as cool as to a marriage.
The noble lords were seated or reclining in the forum.
'I'll tell them facts,' said Benjamin, 'for facts can never bore 'em.'
And so he told..."

And there he was, favored by the smiles of his Muse; but before he had gone a dozen lines the fickle jade left him again at this unfinished stanza:

"And Franklin cried in stirring tones that quite resembled thunder..."

Mr. Jolley arose from his desk, very quietly and

(Continued on page seven)

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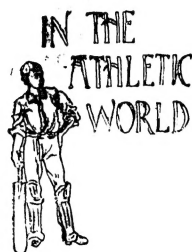
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IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD

FOR weeks past interest in athletic matters has centred for the most part in what was happening many thousands of miles away. The Britisher has been awaiting news of the final stages of the county cricket championship. This has been settled. Warwickshire won out by a narrow margin, Kent's astonishingly poor showing in the final match with Surrey being responsible.

The result is a very popular one. Everyone likes to see new talent come to the front and Warwickshire never was a dangerous contender till this year.

Away at the head of the batting averages is that prince of athletes who was thought by some to have gone into history, C. B. Fry. His 254 not out in one of the closing matches of the season showed how much England can still rely on him. He has been forced to decline the captaincy of the English team that goes to Australia this winter, Warner taking his place, but in the triangular matches next summer will probably round off a great career.

BUT at the Coast the principal struggle is that between the managers of the contending lacrosse teams there and the public to convince the latter that the see-saw games which have been going on all summer have not been fixed with a view to securing sufficient gate receipts to pay the large salary lists. Vancouver won the first game of the play-off last Saturday and this week should decide who is to meet the Tecumsehs on their challenging trip from the east.

Lacrosse is spreading from British Columbia to the south, and promises to gain a firm footing in California. The Los Angeles Club has induced four Canadian players to join its organization and form the nucleus for a strong twelve. A series of games has already been arranged with the Olympic Club of San Francisco, and it is hoped that some of the leading Californian colleges will join in the movement. The Canadians who have promised to help the Los Angeles Club are McDonald of Winnipeg; Keller of Victoria; Snyder, of New Westminster, and Nick Carter, of Toronto.

The City League promises to do a great deal towards placing Rugby football on its feet in Edmonton. Such an organization is the hope of every game in a city situated like this. We must have matches for either players or public to take the right amount of interest and travelling costs too much to get enough games with outside clubs. The four teams now in prospect will be the Eskimos, Varsity, the Edmonton Y.M.C.A. and the Young Men's Club in Strathcona. These should be able to furnish some sport that is worth while.

The success of the soccer game during the past summer shows what such a league can do. It has evoked more genuine enthusiasm than any other sport in the city. The St. George's on Monday

IS YOUR LEFT HAND A SHIR-ER?

Most people never think what a shirker the left hand is. Out two eyes and our two ears and our two feet divide their work equally, or very nearly so, but the left hand only works at what the right hand cannot do alone. In Japan children are trained to use their hands and fingers more carefully than anywhere else in the world. Japanese children can do and make things with their hands that are impossible to Western boys and girls, and nearly all of the Japanese, young and old, can draw and write with both hands at once.

We could do the same if we had been taught to do so. In schools they are already training pupils to use both hands, and thus get double service out of them for life. The pupil merely makes lines, at first straight and curved ones, using both hands at once. With his right hand he draws, while with his left hand he is drawing parallel straight lines. After a while he makes loops and figures, and finally his left hand becomes just as good a worker as his right.

A DUEL OF WORDS

(London Evening Standard)

It is rather a pity for the gaiety of the two adversaries who has terms cannot fight their duels as duels are fought in Greenland. In Greenland when one man has been insulted by another, the adversaries each compose a satire in verse. This each man recites to his household until the servants and the women know it by heart. Then a place of meeting is appointed. The two men, the insulter and the insulted, the offender and the offended, stand face to face, and each recites his poem to his friends and servants form a chorus. Each man tries hard to raise the laugh against his adversary. Each man speaks in turn, whipping the enemy with epigram and quip, and after two hours of this wordy battle the meeting gives the victory to him of the two adversaries who has amused the whole assembly most.

IGNORANCE THE FIRE BUG

(New York Times.)

Ignorance is the chief firebug in this country, the head and front of its appalling disasters and annual losses by fire. Because of ignorance and its co-conspirators, negligence and want of foresight, the fire loss in Chicago last year totalled \$5,000,000, as compared with the annual loss in Berlin of less than \$200,000. The cities of the United States suffer annually losses by fires and conflagrations exceeding \$250,000,000, at least half of which might be saved should they adopt the methods of fire protection that are followed all over Europe.

"When woman gets the vote she will best man. She will turn him round her finger as the housewife turned the riddle."

The speaker was Miss Alice Paul, a very ardent suffragette, of Philadelphia. She resumed with a somewhat bitter smile:

"A business man said to his wife at dinner:

"Here is a riddle for you, my dear: 'Why is a husband like dough?'

"The answer to the riddle was, 'Because a woman needs him.' The business man expected his wife to give the riddle up or else to guess that answer. But his wife said calmly:

"Why is a husband like dough, eh? Well I suppose it's because he's so hard to get off one's hands.' "—Cincinnati Express.

Young Lord Fairfax in a brilliant after-dinner speech at the clubhouse in Tuxedo praised woman. "Doyn with the misogynist," said Lord Fairfax. "Down with that cynical type of male brute wof says with the Cornish fisherman:

"Wimmen's like pilchards. When 'em's bad 'em's and, and when 'em's good 'em's only mid-dlin.' "—Washington Star.

Little Brother—"Where's my fishin' pole gone to?"

Bigger Brother—"Sister's usin' it for a halpin'....Puck

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Father---Well?
Tommy---Is a centipede a pacer or a trotter?---Judge.

Nurse Girl---Oh, ma'am, what shall I do? The twins have fallen down the well!

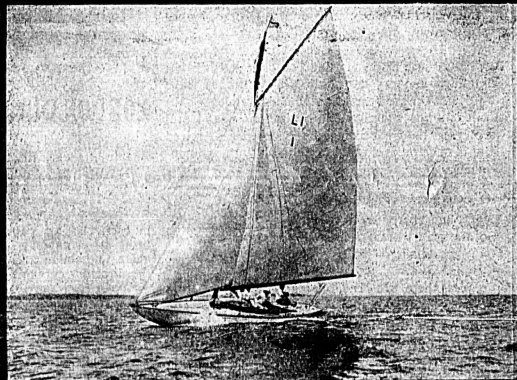
Fond Parent---Dear me! how annoying! Just go into the library and get the last number of The Modern Mother's Magazine; it contains an article on how to bring up children....Town Topics.

The Chicago woman was on the witness stand. "Are you married or unmarried?" thundered the counsel for the defence.

"Unmarried, four times," replied the witness, unblushingly....Philadelphia Record.

"How is Graphier making a living since he got kicked out of the Legislature?"

"He is telling the various Chautauques how he happened to take the bribe."....Washington Herald.



THE NEWEST TYPE OF RACING YACHT

It is known as a raceboat and is sloop-rigged, thirty-one feet long, and costs about \$1,100. There are only sixteen boats of this kind in America. The picture was taken a few days ago at Larchmont, N. Y., when this boat was racing with others of her class.

WARNER, by the way, has been doing a good deal of writing again on the ideas that underly cricket. Here is a good extract from a recent article:

"Above all cricket develops straightness of character and unselfishness. The value to the nation of these two characteristics cannot be over-rated. The world over, wherever the English tongue is spoken, the phrase: 'That's no cricket!' has become part of the currency of the day, and it conveys a world of meaning to all who read it or hear it uttered. Why? Because the words carry with them the weight that is behind deeds done in the cleanest, straightest, fairest game ever invented."

INTEREST in the great game of this continent is at fever heat. As this is being written New York is still in the lead in the national but there is no telling when it may lose its position. Considering the fact that Chicago has so large a proportion of the remaining games on the home grounds, many of them with second division clubs, I rather fancy the Windy Cityites for the pennant. But the struggle is well worth tempting a man out of bed early these mornings to find out who has won the day before. Whoever wins in the National, it is practically certain that it will be Philadelphia which will be met in the World's series.

night surprised everyone by carrying off the Chetty shield for a second season, defeating the Swifts by 2-0. In the play off between the winners of the two southern districts the Calgary Callies won easily from the Lethbridge Callies by 5-0.

THE COST OF WAR

Norman Anegli calculates the Franco-Prussian war has cost Germany \$400,000,000 more than she got in indemnities from conquered France. For instance, he says \$150,000,000 was spent by Germany in increasing its peace army to 530,000 men; \$400,000,000 in wages was lost by the Germans killed and wounded. The permanent German war force was enlarged by 100,000 men, and that has been maintained for 40 years, at a total cost of \$1,000,000,000. Then there was a loss of German trade and German foreign markets.

"Bosch" sounds a fairly good English word to apply to your political opponent's arguments. It isn't. Skimming Dr. Beddoe's "Memories of Eighty Years," one finds the doctor trying to explain the Protestant religion to a mullah. "It seems a very decent sort of religion," said the mullah in excellent English. But there were two objections. The first was that we "pay no honor to the prophet." The second was "your doctrine of the Trinity, which you will excuse my saying is bosh." We have got the word from the Turkish. It means nonsense.



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The Meeting

I 'D niver seen the face av her;
And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
And I'd swung in from the sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
The soft and motherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
And the ould sea's lonely chune!

It may have all been doomed, in faith,
For many an' many a year,
That soft and mad and whistful night
Without a laugh or tear!

She helt me face be-wixt her hands,
And out av whistful eyes
For long she watched me sunburnt face
Wid wonder and surprise.

For long against her quiet breast
She helt me troubled head;
And when I kist her shillin' mouth,
"Ye'll ne'er come back!" she said.

And out she fared to Shela Hills,
And I swung back to sea;
But och, the ache and loneliness
That wan night left wid me!

---Arthur Stringer.

meanwhile wondering how I could ever have been so lost to all my own interests, as to ever part with such a jewel.

There have been so many of them!
High and low priced ones. Treasures and counterfeits. Thieves and just casual ladies who were above their work.

Stub after stub of wage cheques each told their tale. At last, Eureka! July 1909.

B. A.--(second girl kept) wages \$15.00.
Visions of the unkempt young Marchioness of that date and remuneration came flooding back as the door of Memory opened.

Poor little jewel. With what new interest I took up the scribbler, and re-read the record of what she obviously intended, probably for her people at home's edification, as the story with slight variations, of her daily life under my roof.

On the face of it, it is a bald statement of facts with no attempts at romance.

And yet, and yet!
These two years after, B. A.'s reign in my kitchen, is one of the nightmares that haunt my waking and sleeping hours. I see myself going about figuratively with my hands over my eyes--to blind myself to the little God of Things as They Were.

The Sloven herself I saw as little of, as I could by hook or crook, avoid.

Some of my gray hairs I think she must at least

Two Canadians Recently Presented at Court



MISS OTILLIE WRIGHT, OF OTTAWA



MISS NONA GWYN, OF DUNDAS, ONT.

A Cinderella of 1909

THIS morning I came across a quaint thing. I was hunting up a recipe in an old scrap-book in which I write out all the extra-special dishes my friends pass me on, when I came across a page dated July 30, 1909, of which the following is a word for word record:

"Got up at 6.30.
Came down stairs.
Lighted fire. Brought in coal.
Swept parlor and dining-room and hall.
Dusted.

Set breakfast table. Made breakfast.
Washed dishes. Swept kitchen floor.
Washed dishes. Swept kitchen floor.
Dusted. Swept down top stairs.
Came down stairs.

Cooked lunch. Set table again.
Washed dishes. Swept kitchen floor.
Finished ironing. Went up stairs.
Got dressed. Made dinner."

What jewel, said to myself, ever did all of this? Think of the cleanliness of that house after this up-to-date Martha had made those many trips up and down stairs.

Consider how highly we must have fared with so thoughtful and energetic a hand-maiden.
And so I searched out my old cheque book.

have helped to produce. And still I suppose Cinderella did sit over the coals at night and dream that she had done all--if she had only made a try at all these dull and sordid tasks. Sweeping; preparing meals and washing dishes, going up and down stairs.

Here is no mention, you see, of the joy of labor well done. Of happy evenings spent off.

To this matter-of-fact young Martha in soap bubbles she saw no airy, rainbow castles.

The common-placeness of life and work apparently was all in all. In this attitude of mind, I imagine I can detect where Cinderella and I fell out.

Labor and it go not hand in hand with Imagination, Cinderellas incapable of conjuring up a pumpkin coach and a fairy god-mother--are each and both wearing Life's heaviest handicap. I think one must dream or die.

To Venus at Cowes

Do you remember--can you quite forget
Last summer when we met

Upon a (so-called) Solent sea,
How you were red and I was blue,
For I expected "Yes" from you,
And you said "no" to me?

You hinted, if I recollect aright,
That mine were merely adolescent vows.

(Continued on Page 8)

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WOMEN'S FEET GETTING BIGGER

(Christian Herald)

Women's feet are bigger than they used to be, and still growing, say the shoe manufacturers of America, who held their fifth annual fair in Boston not long since. A canvass of opinions among the dealers revealed that the average size of shoes that women wear to day from four to five, whereas twenty years ago the average was from three to five. The No. 2 size in women's shoes has practically disappeared. Only one in twenty dealers handles them. It was also said that many firms are sending their products out with a code number in place of the actual size number. Women refused to wear the number that fitted them. Now whatever size they ask for, whether it be two, four or six, the dealer gives them the shoe that fits them, and he alone knows what size they wear.

"That member of Congress says you have voted for him for the last fifteen years."

"That's right," replied farmer Comtossel.

"You must think a lot of him!"
"Well, I dunno. You see fifteen years ago I had a couple o' boys--they was with him, an' since then I've alius felt safer with him shendin' so much of his time in Washington."---Washington Star.

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Music and Drama

THOSE who dislike the modern problem play will particularly appreciate the condensed account of "Sally Bishop" which appears in London Truth. These condensations have become a feature of that very bright and witty publication. I reproduced one of them in this department a month or so ago. The version of "Sally Bishop" which the writer describes as "a curious compound of sentimentality and highly moral immorality," is as follows:

Sally Bishop (Miss Daisy Markham).—A too utterly sweet typist, who is fascinated by the advances of a wealthy young barrister with whom he scrapes an acquaintance.

John Hewitt Traill (Mr. Dennis Eadie).—The wealthy young barrister above mentioned. He likes Sally, but abhors marriage.

McArthur (Mr. A. W. Baskcomb).—A young bank clerk whose attentions to Sally, unlike those of Mr. Eadie, are strictly honourable.

Mrs. Durlacher (Miss Elaine Innescourt).—The young barrister's worldly-minded sister.

Miss Standish Roe (Miss Maud Cressall).—A smart young woman of shady reputation whom Mrs. Durlacher has marked down for her brother's wife.

Janet Hallard (Miss Agnes Thomas).—A sharp-tongued spinster devoted to Sally, and with whom she lives.

ACT I

Janet Hallard's Studio in Camden Town
Sally (entering exhausted after a day's type-writing): Look at me, please. I am the personification of Early Victorian innocence. Was every girl as innocent as I am? But that is my charm.

Janet (who knows the way to treat these baby innocents): Sit down and rest, child. You are tired out. Meanwhile I'll nip round the corner and get you some brandy. (Exit.)

(Enter Mr. Arthur.)

He is an awful little Cockney whom, in a moment of aberration of intellect, the directors of his bank have made a paying cashier. Though Mr. Baskcomb plays the part perfectly, he is about as much like a bank cashier as a crossing-sweeper.

McArthur (thrusting a letter of promotion before Sally): See that! I have now got £20 a year. Will you marry me?

Sally: But I don't love you. (Assumes a far-off yearning expression.)

McArthur (taken aback): What's the matter with me? Ain't I all right?

Sally: Oh, yes, you're beautiful, but if you'll look at me carefully you'll see that my expression and my dress show that I am cut out for higher things. I am going wrong from the highest motives. You do not understand, don't you? All for love. That's the idea.

McArthur (glomily): And where do I come in?

Sally: You don't come in after this act. Try and remember that this play is a slice of life, or a human document, written by a man who has probed the depths of a woman's heart.

McArthur: Oh, all right! I'd forgotten. It's a bit rough on me, though, because I was making such a bit, and the audience like me. Good bye.

(Exit disconsolately at the moment, unable to realize the advantage of having escaped a maddening union with a girl who is like a sentimental sugar-sick.)

Janet (re-entering with brandy): Take some of this, and then you may be able to play this part, though I think it very doubtful. (Aside.) The worst of being a thoroughly competent actress is that one has to buttress up flappers.

Sally (with a saintly smile): I know I can't act much, but then, how sweet I look!

Janet: Lord! yes, I know. But still it exasperates me, and will soon exasperate the audience if you don't buck up. Now let's get on with the play. You're in love. Who is he? Where did you meet him?

Sally: He's a gentleman. I know he is because he followed me in the street and took me to dine with him alone at his rooms.

Janet: Yes, he sounds like a perfect gentleman.

Sally: Oh, he is! And he's coming to take me out to-night.

Janet: Then we must smarten you up. I am supposed to be a mother to you, but as the author seems to think that the way to mother you is to fling you into the arms of a roue—why, here goes. (Accordingly she arranges Sally's hair, decks her out for the sacrifice, then goes and leaves her to meet Traill, who just at this moment arrives.)

John Traill (entering): Sally, I love you.

Sally: Ah! I loved you the first moment I saw you! Oh! how my innocent little heart went pitter-pat. When shall we be married?

Traill! My poor Sally! You are not fit to be on the stage. Can't you see by my beautiful evening dress that I am one of those men who would sooner go to the gallows than to the altar? I am merely a high-minded betrayer; nothing so vulgar as a marrying man.

Sally: Oh! oh! oh!

Traill: My poor child, I leave you. I will never see you again until the next act. Then if you find that you cannot live without me you can come to me. You know the address—5, Seduction Chambers, Savile Row. (Exit.)

ACT II

Traill's Rooms in Savile Row.

(Sally has been installed here a year, and her cloying sweetness and baby ways are getting a little on the nerves of Traill, as they have long got on the nerves of the audience.)

Sally (at the piano): Shall your little birdie play to you?

Traill: For heaven's sakes, no! I am writing letters.

Sally: Darling!

Traill: My sister and Miss Standish Roe are coming. You had better go upstairs to your rooms.

Sally (with her one flash of intuition): Your sister doesn't like me.

Traill (uneasily): What makes you say that?

Sally: I don't know. She can't surely mind you keeping a mistress here.

Traill: She does.

Sally: How bourgeois! And I thought she was in society. Well, I'll run away, darling.

(Enter Mrs. Durlacher and Miss Standish Roe.)

Mrs. Dur.: John, you've got to marry, and this is it. (Indicates Miss Roe.) She'll suit you perfectly. (To Miss Standish Roe.) Run away, dear, now, and I'll talk to my brother about you.

Miss S. Roe (pouting): But I don't want to go.

The audience have hardly had time to look at my dress yet, and this is my only appearance in the play.

Mrs. Dur.: I can't help that. Go at once.

Miss S. Roe: Oh, very well. (Exit.)

Traill: But I don't want to marry.

Mrs. Dur.: We none of us want to, but we have to. Miss Standish Roe is a thoroughly typical, shady society young woman. She has at least one most interesting liaison, and you are neither of you a bit in love with each other. I can't imagine a better match.

Traill: But I love Sally.

Mrs. Dur.: Nonsense. Come and dine with me to-night and meet Miss Roe.

Traill: I can't. I'm taking Sally out.

Mrs. Dur.: I want to talk to you about the sale of our family estate. You know when one of us gets hard up he or she sells it to the other. I'm hard up just now, so you must buy it to-night. After that we will go to a theatre.

Traill: Oh very well. (Aside.) Why they make me play these flabby Don Juans I cannot for the life of me imagine. I don't look like a "dog" at all. (Exit with sister.)

Sally (entering): So he has left me and is going to have a good dinner in Mayfair and go to a theatre, instead of dining with me at some beastly little restaurant in Soho, where I meant to bore him with sentimental recollections. But he shall find out what a woman I am. I will follow him to the theatre. I will spy on him. I will run after his sister's motor. This is my great scene. I am a woman scorned. I almost wish I could act just to show you what I mean. Oh! Oh! Oh! That vile sister of his means him to marry her flamboyant friend. Very well, she shall see. Oh! Oh! Oh! I am off to follow them. Watch my whirlwind exit.

ACT III

Sally's Room at Savile Row.

Sally is discovered packing up treasured souvenirs of her crowded hour of glorious life, preparing to leave the abode of love for ever. She kisses photographs, reads aloud poetry which she used to read to Traill, and is generally sweetly resigned and pathetic.

(Enter Janet Hallard.)

Janet (breezily): I'm sure you haven't eaten anything for weeks, so eat these sandwiches. They look beastly, and probably are worse, but when your life is empty you should fill your stomach.

Sally: Dear Janet. (Toys with a crumb of a sandwich, but finds it uneatable, besides which she is fully conscious of the fact that you cannot eat and at the same time look romantic, sentimental and broken-hearted.)

Janet: You have asked him to come and see you?

Sally: I must say a final good-bye to him before the audience, just to see if we can't get a little bit of drama into the play, and then I have something to say to him that may make the audience sit up.

Janet: All right, I'll pop out. I'm quite used to popping in and out. (Exit.)

(Enter Traill)

Traill: You wanted to see me, so here I am. I know I don't cut a very heroic figure, but I can't help that. How could you expect me to do anything but throw you over when you became madly jealous and followed me about and spied on me?

Sally (meekly): I'm so lonely now.

Traill: I don't see what I can do.

Sally (modestly): If I could have a little Sally I shouldn't be quite so lonely.

Traill (horrified): It can't be done. It's impossible. Besides, I'm going to be married.

Sally (hysterically): Oh! Oh! Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha! After swearing that you would never marry you are going to be married after all. Is it Miss Standish Roe?

Traill (looking very sheepish): Yes. I don't know why I'm marrying her, but my sister thinks I ought to.

Sally (frantically): Well, that puts the lid on it. (Exit into bedroom and locks the door.)

(Enter Janet.)

Janet: Here I am, popping in again. Where's Sally?

Traill: She's gone to her room. I'm afraid I've rather upset her. She wants to be a mother, and I don't, and won't at least—well, you know what I mean. What is more, I don't think she quite likes the idea of my marrying Miss Standish Roe.

Janet: Well, I never thought much of men, but you really take the cake.

Traill: I know I do. By the way, I see there's a letter on the mantelpiece for me.

Janet: Yes it came a month ago. You'd better read it. It's part of the plot.

Traill (reading it): Good God. This is from my best friend to tell me that Miss Roe is a bad lot. Janet: Everybody knows that except you.

Traill (executing a brilliant volte face): Then I shan't marry her. Do you know, I think I love Sally after all. I feel it all coming over me again.

Traill (dashing to the door, bursts it open without shaking the scenery too much, and going into the room brings out the semi-unconscious Sally, who has tried to suffocate herself with gas. He lays her on the sofa): My darling, I have just discovered that Miss Standish Roe is a naughty girl, so it's all right. I am going to make an honest woman of you.

Sally (feebly): I've brought it off—I mean I love you.

Traill: Oh, what a happy ending this is.

Janet: God bless you, my children.



THE GLASS OF FASHION—WITH A FLAW

Matronly Mother: "She certainly puts on a good deal of style. She has a most remarkable hat on her head."

Young daughter: "And freckles too, mama."

Matronly Mother: "Yes, dear; and a great gold chain on her neck."

Young daughter: "And a mole, too, mamma."

Matronly Mother: "Yes, dear."

In Praise of Walking

By Dr. J. H. Finley in Youth's Companion

WHEELS, it is true, have brought great power, help and comfort to man, but they have diminished his liteness of body, his self-dependence, his joys of the earth.

Two ancient myths aptly illustrate what wheels are doing or preventing, the fable of Antaeus, who could wrestle successfully with every stranger who came to Lybia because, whenever he touched the earth in his wrestling, his strength was renewed, and the fable of Ixion, who was punished by being tied to a wheel which never ceased to revolve; many of the poor by their poverty; many of the rich by the fashions they make; many neither rich nor poor, by convention, custom, or indolence.

The tyrannies of wheels are not the less to be resisted because their blessings are not to be estimated. One way of resistance is walking. It is of the uses, satisfactions and delights of walking that I am to speak a few words out of my experience.

A country boy, especially a boy of the prairies, thirty years ago was obliged by his occupations to walk; for this I am now grateful. Although I never carried a pedometer in the furrows of a harvest field I have no doubt that in the long summer days I often walked between dawn and dark as far as from Marathon to Athens--and sometimes there were bumblebees and "blue racers" and the like to encourage a Marathon race.

But such vocational walking is largely past. A few weeks ago, while crossing Indiana, I saw a young farmer cultivating corn; he was riding on a comfortable seat, with a canopy over his head, and he had probably plowed the same field in the like comfortable posture. Sitting he certainly planted it; sitting he doubtless sowed the small grain in the neighboring field; and sitting he doubtless will reap it. Millet would have to search long on those wide-horizoned prairies now for a "Sower"; and Gray would find no "weary plowman" plodding his homeward way in the twilight.

And the neighborly journeys, the walking to church--in the times when the horses were given rest--are now also like journeys on an escalator. I can still recall with what pure delight I walked across the fields to see a neighbor plowboy after the day's work was over, or to read Livy with the minister a mile away. Now the farmer's son rides in a top buggy or an automobile, or takes a trolley-car to a town miles distant--and Titus Livius is no more. I do not regret these new comforts and advantages in themselves, but they show that urban tyrannies have reached even to the villages and fields.

There is one day, conspicuous in my memory, the like of which seldom comes even to country boys in these days of wheels. After plowing corn throughout the morning, I walked eight miles under a blistering sun, took an examination in solid geometry, and walked the eight miles back again. If you have read Browning's "Saul," as I had not in those days you will know what the homeward journey was like. Can you imagine David, after that night of wrestling with that bad spirit of Saul, having his vision in a trolley-car, or even in a chariot? The touch of earth seems essential; it puts one into relationship with the lasting things, whereas wheels disturb that relationship, at any rate till they become glorified.

It is figurative language, of course, to speak of

God's "walking" with man. But I do not know where to find a better expression for the companionship which one enjoys when walking alone on the earth. I should not speak of this if I thought it was an experience for the patriarchs alone or for the few. A man does not know of the greatest satisfactions of life if he has not had such walks.

But these spiritual experiences are perhaps too intimate to be dwelt upon in defense of walking. Nor ought I to emphasize here another fact, quite as intangible--the fact that one is likely to be more sympathetic with other human beings when on foot.

The highway, the street, is the most democratic territory on the face of the earth, and the man who walks it is in the way of coming into closer sympathy with his neighbor. When Mayor McClellan walked for five miles at the head of the procession in the Hudson-Fulton celebration, he came nearer to the hearts of millions and they to him than he possibly could have done had he ridden in a carriage or in an automobile. It is hard for one in a carriage, which implies wealth, to look upon a pedestrian without some slight feeling of contempt. To me that is an abhorrent, wasteful, undemocratic custom which insists upon carriages for able-bodied men at funerals, even where distances are short. I have seen a Porto Rican father carrying his dead child on his shoulder for miles to burial in consecrated ground, and I have seen men in that same island fording a stream while carrying a neighbor to his grave. Our funeral processions on wheels, rushing through the streets, are barbaric by comparison.

The editor has called my attention to the "wisdom while you walk" excursion now undertaken by some of the London schools, as intimating the educational advantages that come to those who go to see places of historical association or who gather fossils or flowers in their excursions. This is pedagogy indeed; but in the accounts of these excursions I notice that tram-cars have a conspicuous part.

Yet even if these didactic journeys were all made afoot, they would not satisfy me. They would be all very well from the educational point of view. The little prophets are being transported to the mountains, the seas, the fields, instead of having all these and the "things thereof" brought to them in the museum or classroom. The mere exercise incidentally valuable.

I once walked over a good part of the island of Porto Rica, and walked that I might see conditions there more satisfactorily than I could from a car window or even from a stage-coach; but my first reason for walking was that I wanted to walk. If any young man of my readers goes to that beautiful island, I hope he will possess it on foot, as did the great discoverer. The roads are of the best, and the bridges, then swept away by floods, have since been repaired, so that you will not have to ford the streams.

You may not care to walk from San Juan to Ponce--eighty miles--in the time which I used, and you may not wish to start toward Arecibo at dawn, carrying a loaf of bread, purchased from the baker's boy; to sustain you until you find food on the way; but if you walk fast or slow, yet not too slow, the island is more likely to stay on your map and to be permanently annexed to your personal kingdom. Moreover, you will have the joy of the mere walk. And I am advocating walking for its own sake, for its own peculiar joys.

I have thought that I should try to start an association to encourage walking in certain places. The first place I should select would be Yellowstone Park, where so many able-bodied men, women and youths ride lazily on cushioned seats round the circuit of nearly one hundred and fifty miles. A few years ago I walked over this wonderful road in the same time that was made by the stage in which I had engaged a seat; and the enjoyment of the trip was for me multiplied many times. I was told that no one except an Englishman had made this continuous journey on foot, and he many years ago.

I remember that many stage-coach passengers were curious as to my reasons for walking. No one seemed to think that I might be going in that way simply for the pleasure of it. To one who asked why I walked, I replied by asking, "Why does a bird fly?"

This emphasizes my chief reason for taking exercise in this way; and the most gratifying fact is that it is a pleasure within the reach of nearly every able-bodied person--a recreation quite as exhilarating as any to be had on wheels, or perhaps on wings. Yet how few take it!

Yesterday morning, for example, a holiday, and a gloriously beautiful day of bracing air and clear sky, was a perfect morning for walking. There were thousands of homes within a few minutes' walk of the edge of the hill on which I walked, or ran, before breakfast; yet there was not another person

within a half-mile in the park, so far as I could see.

It could not be urged that any of these people living near by had to labor longer hours than I, although, of course, some had their work in the open air and did not need the exercise. But college boys, clerks, men whose business hours are not above eight or ten, have time for such exercise, or would have time if their spare hours were not improvidently used. They spend so much time getting things which they do not really want, and which often bring only harm, that they have no disposition to get up for a walk at the beginning of the day, and they are tempted by the streetcar at the end of it. The allurements of the automobile keep others from walking, and they are indeed most subtle and compelling; but I wonder how much better off the young college student with his motor car is than was Thomas Carlyle, who walked up to Edinburgh University from his home a hundred miles away, or Herbert Spencer, who tells of walking forty-eight miles one day and forty-seven the next when a boy of thirteen in school.

I have walked continuously from New York to Princeton, a distance of nearly fifty miles, more than once, and once at the end of a day's work, before going to bed. But I have not been able to get a student to follow my example, although I did hear of an alleged half-witted young man who is reported to have made this trip long ago in one day. I have a suspicion that he was a very bright fellow, and that the "short-of-wits" were those who laughed at him.

My son's great-grandfather, who was in Rufus Choate's class in Dartmouth, used to walk the entire way across the State of New Hampshire to and from college at the beginning and at the end of the term or the year, a distance of nearly seventy miles; but when I made the same journey not long ago on foot, successors of the students Carlyle and Spencer in this country of distances seemed at first to be incredulous, and after the submission of the data, and after the submission of the data, amazed that any one should walk so far in one day.

Yet it is not a difficult feat, and would not have been a thing one had I not come just at dusk to the foot of an unexpected mountain, which I had to climb in order to reach my journey's end. When I add that for nearly two months of the three immediately preceding I had been on crutches with a broken leg and so not "in training," it will be rightly inferred that such long walks ought not to be beyond the enjoyment and endurance of thousands and thousands who grow soft and flabby in offices, parlors and automobiles.

I know the difficulties for those in the cities, but even here, as a rule, there are stretches of park and of water-front within reach of millions. It is only a half-day's journey--at four miles an hour--round Manhattan island, and a part of the way, as I know from having once walked it, lies through the woods. At least a million people can reach the river front or Cental Park in a ten minutes' walk. In Chicago there is the Lake Shore Drive, where on a summer's holiday afternoon tens of thousands might easily have the most wholesome recreation for nothing, but where several years ago I often found only scores. Boston has unending invitations to pedestrians. And there is not a great city that does not offer some such paths of pleasantness.

"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride," has been a saying for centuries, but if men and youths only appreciated the advantages and joys of going on foot,--not sauntering, but striding,--it would be only the beggars, the cripples and the infirm who would always ride.

I hope that the example in walking set by President Roosevelt, the city-born boy, and by Ambassador Bryce may be followed by hundreds of thousands the country over, especially by the boys and young men. Through no other form of exercise and recreation is the nation so likely to develop and keep its strength, its liteness of body, its spirit of simplicity and democracy.

I took young Richard Cleveland with me for a tramp of many miles, over mountain roads. And what I did for that fine young son of one who was the foremost man of our nation I should like to do or have somebody else do often for the thousands of other boys who read "The Youth's Companion"--become not their pedagogue, leading them to school, but their companion on foot in the city streets, over the country roads and through the forest trails. If we teach them to enjoy walking, we shall be prolonging their days, giving them hope of joy even in age, and making certain that they will have a greater respect for simple, honest, unaffected, rugged manhood.

John Huson Finley, A.B., A.M. (Knox), Ph.D. L.L.D. (Wisconsin), is the president of the College of the city of New York. He was at one time secretary of the New York State Charities Aid Association, and was founder and editor of the "State Charities Record" and "The Charities Review." For eight years Doctor Finley was president of Knox College; later editor of Harper's Weekly, and "McClure's Magazine," and professor of politics in Princeton University. He is the author of treatises on economic subjects.



HIS ARDOR
Miss Gladys Guggles (cooly): Does yo' rully love me, Clarence?
Clarence Snuckles (passionately): Love yo' why, I analyzes yo' so dat i'd radder heah yo' chew gum dan to listen to a minstrel band! Dat's how I loves yo'!

A FICKLE JADE

(Continued from page three)

very earnestly and looked at his watch.
"I will give you half an hour," he said.

He walked to window and there he waited for any advances that a Muse might have to make to him.

"There are fifteen minutes left," he said, glancing at his watch and looking around over his shoulder. Presently he announced, "Ten minutes--five minutes--one minute." Suddenly Mr. Jolley shut up his watch and cried (almost exultingly), "Time's up!" He put on a new necktie and knocked gently on his neighbor's door.

"Miss Lucy," he said (so well had they grown to know each other), "do you mind if you--" It had been in his head to ask her if she would go a walk with him, for he had a cushion in his mind which he had thought of propounding to her, but just at that moment his eyes fell on the wall behind her and there he saw his own verses. Simultaneously his heart began to thump, thump, thump, and in tones which were fraught with all the poetry and all the tenderness in the world he concluded, "Miss Lucy, do you mind if you--were to marry me?"

Before the words were out of his mouth a silent but desperate voice began clamoring wildly in his ears, "Come back! Come back! 'Asunder--Wonder--Blunder--Under--Come back to your own true Muse!" But when Mr. Jolley finally returned to his room he threw his epic into the waste-paper-basket, crying, "Don't say I didn't warn you!" And walking around the Park a little later with the happiest little woman in the world upon his arm, he looked at the stars and whispered low, "And there they go to dream where life itself is a poem and love is its sweetest theme."

SHORTHAND USED 1900 YEARS AGO

Prof. Friedrich Presigke, of the University of Strassburg, has been engaged on the translation of certain ancient Egyptian papyrus manuscripts which he recently discovered as Oxyrhynchus in Egypt. He has come to the conclusion that the art of stenography was certainly known to the Greeks in Egypt. In a letter from a certain merchant, named Dionysius, to his sister, Didyme, dated November 15, 27 years after Christ, the merchant complains that his sister has not written to him either in the usual character or stenographically. Prof. Presigke believes the Greeks learned stenography from the Egyptians and bases his belief on papyri dated A.D. 155, in which an Egyptian shorthand is certainly in use.

COWBOY HATS 2000 YEARS OLD

That there is nothing new under the sun is becoming more and more axiomatic. It is suggested that the Egyptians knew of radium, that the Assyrians and Chaldeans were acquainted with electricity and that aviation was not unknown to the ancients. Now we learn that frescoes and bas-reliefs in Crete show that in the depths of the past ages huntresses wore leather boots, with big hats like those used by American cowboys, and that an archaeologist has come to the conclusion that the fashionable Cretan ladies 2,000 years before the Christian era appeared in public with boots with heels, the straight mantle and jupe colotte, in fact, just like a lady from one of the celebrated Parisian dress-making establishments.



NEIGHBORLY INFERENCE

Stranger (to Mrs. Rooney): What beautiful children you have, ma'am!
Mrs. Hogan (from the floor above): Phat's thot slob sellin', Mrs. Rooney?



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THE MIRROR

(Continued from page five)

Not a true case of deathless love at sight,
But calf love—due to Cowes!

Now once again the London season's o'er,
The lions rage no more.

The dance is finished and the feast is done:
I feel again the seaward swell

That makes a landsman's chest unwell.

Or mine at least, for me.

Once more we meet; I see her features start

At the remembrance of last season's dream;

But that is gone forever, and my heart

Is colder than ice-cream.

Nay, loveliest, do not think I mourn my lot!

You are like yonder yacht.

Perfect to look on, difficult to sail.

Besides I come of Celtic stock;

You are not built to stand the shock

Of more than half a Gai!

So let me bid you one long last good-bye;

Though you be rich as cream and rare as silk.

The time is past when I was moved to cry

Over that Cowes spill milk!

—London Truth.

"It May or Can Happen Again"

COWES hasn't the only claim to the calf-love aforesaid. Now that campers and vacationists generally are trooping back to town, quite a respectable number of them, both male and female will do a little Autumn stock-taking of many Midsummer Nights' madnesses.

There is no environment under Heaven, unless it be that on ship-board, so conducive to making people make geese of themselves like summer-hotel piazzas, wonderful moonlight nights spent on the water, hour around the camp-fire, hay-rack parties and the like.

Thousands of Autumn weddings that never should take place, on land or sea, are the matter-of-fact finale of these highly sentimental, and, at the time, distinctly diverting little episodes. 'Twas ever thus, Praise be, it always be.

Though you may marry later on—quite sensibly marry, the mad little flirtations of many summers back will often crowd back upon you to claim their smile or frown.

One feels so horribly sensible when the old moon is tucked behind the clouds for the day.

The ardent letter, penned by the midnight oil, reads rankly foolish in the clear light of the morning after.

Hay-racks look so scandalously just hay-racky—without the glam-glam-olam of the Man who sails the skies. And camp fire ashes and summer verandahs, at a distance lose most of their charm.

And again your reason, and good sound sense has come to your aid by the time you reach town once more.

What did you see in him?

However, it was good fun while it lasted.

Turn over the page.

It is done. But don't try to stir up the ashes, or take another turn on the piazza, go a-stirring or do any of the other foolish things you did ever again in quite the same old place.

As the play title runs, "It never can happen again."

Believe me, for I have tried it.

It was one summer, not long since, and having pleasant recollections of a delightful and exceedingly jolly holiday at a resort on Lake Huron, I induced a relative to help me raise the ghost.

We went early in the season. So much I will admit in defense of the at one time so tenderly-remembered locality. For weeks I had dissertated on the delights of its boating and fishing. The scenery. The attractiveness of the hostelry on the beach.

Had it all changed? Had I? What made the difference?

For the going-back was the flattest, stalest, most unprofitable incident of my career.

If ever there were hay-racks in the neighborhood they had all disappeared. The weather was damp and chilly, the hotel-piazza was a night-mare of uncomfortable chairs and humpy cosy corners. Only the smell of the pines, that wooing, exquisite sleepy fragrance, which indeed I do not remember to have paid any heed to on my previous visit, wafted in on us, as if insisting that there had been happy circumstances in this most desolate place.

He went fishing, but all the Perch, the Black and Rock Bass, with one fell accord had left on a holiday. Only the Pike, the silly, coarse old Pikers nibbled at our hooks.

I anticipated The Man's bantering query as to there ever having existed any of the conditions, such as I had pictured, by loudly, vehemently, and insistently repeating that I had never known such luck.

At heart I was inexplicably sore.

To spend our precious fortnight's holiday in this forsaken corner!

We stood it one day more.

One miserable, drab day. Stood it while fishy odors floated up from a fishy kitchen.

Stood it while the damp napkins at the noisy table gave us premonitory warning of culinary terrors in store.

Put in an afternoon of it examining enlarged crayons of the proprietor's family in the "drawing-room," varied by such counter-attractions as an embalmed wedding cake, and again wax funeral wreaths, that must have assisted in emitting the musty, unhealthy odor that seemed to grip one by the throat.

And then I fessed up that I loathed it all and was ready to pack.

I hated the stuffy rooms with the nail-studded walls. The romance had all gone out of deck chairs, and moons, and such frivolities.

The man who sings "To-night will never come again for you and me," knows what he's talking about. So make the most of to-night.

To-morrow a philosopher, the calf-boy of Cowes the season before, sees Cowes for Cowes.

Thus it is that when you returning holidayers are elaborating on the delights of this most lovely resort or that, I smile a bit to myself. For I know that it's only the same old moon, playing the same old tricks. Same old sails, same old clam-bakes.

Next year strike out for pastures new, or you may find that your saucy neighbor who used to pose so prettily in a hammock, has become a confirmed old crank.

La! la! la! How history does repeat itself.

PERSONAL

Dr. J. H. King, of Cranbrook, B. C., the Liberal candidate in Kootenay, is well known in Edmonton, having visited his sister, Mrs. W.E. Nobles, here.

The death of Mr. John T. Hall, publicity commissioner of Lethbridge, who previously acted in a similar capacity for Medicine Hat, has occasioned much regret among those who knew of him and his work. He was an expert in his line and at the meeting of the Alberta Union of municipalities contributed not a little to the interest of the proceedings. He had been ill with erysipelas for about three weeks. He was, before coming west, assessment commissioner of Hamilton, Ont.

Rev. W. C. Vincent has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Strathcona which he assumed only last May. Ill-health is responsible for his action.

George Sutherland of the Chicago British American, was a visitor to Edmonton last week. He has been spending some time at his farm near Daysland and was accompanied by his wife and son.

The railway commission sitting in Edmonton was presided over by Dr. S. J. McLean, Chief Commissioner Mahee having been called east from Calgary. Owing to the remarkable expansion of business in the west, Mr. Mahee has decided to appoint an advisory engineer for Alberta and British Columbia. The appointment has been awarded to A. T. Ker, of the department of railways and canals, Ottawa. H.A. Drury of Winnipeg, formerly covered all the region west of Lake Superior. He will continue to act in an advisory capacity to the board for Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Mr. Ker will make his headquarters in Calgary.

Captain J. P. Farrer started west from Edmonton last week on a hunting expedition in the Yellowstone country.

Another pioneer resident of the Edmonton district died this week in Mr. Cleophas Fontaine, who came to Strathcona in the early nineties, conducting a store near the station for many years.

Mr. Henry L. Risely who visited Edmonton a year ago with a party of Bristol citizens, is making another tour of the West at present.

The Canadian Courier has this to say of a gentleman who visited us the other day.

"Chairman of the Board Smithers of the Grand Trunk Railway, who is now making a tour over the various lines of the Company, while generally enjoying train travel always makes it a point to have his special train stop during meal hours, so that he may get the full enjoyment out of it. While the trip is planned in a way so that as far as possible the train will be at a standstill when the dinner hour arrives, still if it happens to be on its way between any two points, it is always stopped up for a half hour or so. It is believed that Mr. Smithers is the only head of a railroad who makes such a special condition in connection with his trips over the various lines."

The Truth is Good Enough

"PRESTO" The New Fall Coat



"Presto," the quick change coat which is suitable for all kinds of weather. When it is warm and pleasant you have the ordinary roll collar. When it is stormy or wet by turning up the collar you are snugly encased to resist the storm.

In appearance these coats are dressy and made of Cheviots and Tweeds, very serviceable in addition to their smartness.

Not long since a well known and very high class Firm of Men Tailors brought out a somewhat similar collar on a fall overcoat for men and the result was phenomenal. It only needed demonstration for men to see at once how very sensible the idea was. Ladies are quicker than men, as a rule, to see such things and it will therefore be no surprise to us if the modest stock we have now on hand should disappear in a very short time indeed. The prices are quite moderate and well within the reach of nearly every one.

PRICES RANGE FROM \$16.50 to \$22.50

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The Saturday News

SECOND SECTION

YOU OWE IT To yourself to see what we can do for you in Shoe Repairing. We are suiting the smartest dressers in this City—why not you?

The PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR Co.
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SIXTH YEAR. No. 38

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

The Investor

THOUGH holding of the general elections in September has hardly tended to bring about an intelligent verdict on the issues of the day, farmers being too busy to pay much attention to politics, the date is a good one from a general business point of view. Elections always have a disturbing effect and it is well to have them out of the way in time not to interfere with the general autumn activity.

Just as soon as polling day is over we may expect one of the most active periods in the history of the West to open up. Already there is plenty of evidence of the confidence that prevails as a result of the season's successful operations out on the land. There are some parts of the country that have suffered as a result of frosts towards the close of August, but generally speaking, the farmers have come through without any damage whatever and the crop that is being harvested will be at least fifty per cent. heavier than in any previous year.

As for Alberta the increase is very much greater than this. So far as can be learned but a very few isolated points have sustained damage and the glorious weather that has lasted right to the middle of September has assured the maturing of even the most backward fields.

Up to the present the government thermometer at Edmonton has not gone below freezing and the reports from all parts of the district immediately tributary to the city is that the crop is the best in years. One of the most extensive farmers in the province, living in Edmonton, made the statement the other day that he expected better results than at any time during his twelve years residence here. His oats were magnificent, and will go close to a hundred bushels per acre. He expected to finish cutting on Monday of this week.

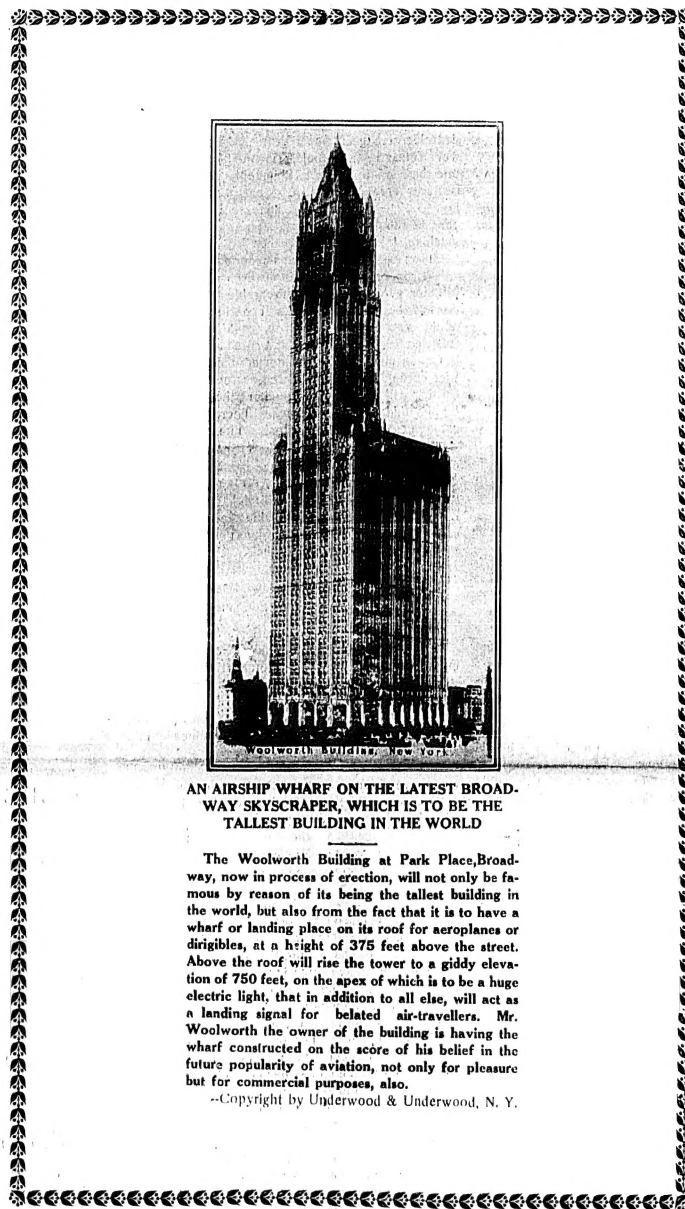
The editor of The Strathcona Plaindealer, through his long residence in the country and his intimate acquaintance with farming conditions, is in a particularly favorable position for sizing up a season's results. His report on a trip made at the first of the month and published in his issue of Sept. 5th, has very considerable value. In reading his observations, it should be remembered that ever since he was out in the country we have had continuous fine weather, many of the days being exceptionally warm and the thermometer at nights keeping well above the freezing point.

The Strathcona editor wrote:

In a trip through the country southwest of the city last week, The Plaindealer representative saw hundreds of acres of a truly magnificent grain, and, considering the unfavorable weather, wheat and barley were found to be well matured, while fully fifty per cent. of the oats needed but four or five days to ripen ready for harvest. Practically no damage has been sustained from frost although a light touch was general one week ago. In some localities even the tender potato vines escaped a nipping while the districts touched hardest showed but slight traces of the cool wave. Perhaps the greatest damage to the crops in the Coniuring Creek district was occasioned by a series of unusual though light hail storms which passed over the country at intervals during the past fortnight. These storms were erratic and short lived but where they struck in the nearby ripe grain the aggregate damage was of fairly large proportions. No crop, however, would be injured more than four or five per cent., and only a comparatively small number of the farms were visited by the destroyer, as far as could be ascertained.

"On all fields of deep black loam the ground rapidly dries and on such lands in the district contingent to this city the harvest will not be long delayed if the weather holds fine. Where drainage is poor, or where the clay sub-soil is close to the surface, soft ground will be a serious obstacle to cutting operations for another two weeks at least.

"The hay crop has undoubtedly suffered most this season from the heavy and late rains. Only a small proportion of the timothy crop has been placed in the stack free from rain damage and a great deal has been damaged beyond marketable value. The crop was unusually heavy, however, and the most of it has now been taken care of after some fashion and feed should be plentiful during the coming winter. By delaying the rain has forced the average farmer this fall into carrying it along as best he can with the harvest and through this very adverse circumstance general farm work will very likely force the finishing operations farther than usual into the autumn months. A warm and late



AN AIRSHIP WHARF ON THE LATEST BROADWAY SKYSCRAPER, WHICH IS TO BE THE TALLEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD

The Woolworth Building at Park Place, Broadway, now in process of erection, will not only be famous by reason of its being the tallest building in the world, but also from the fact that it is to have a wharf or landing place on its roof for aeroplanes or dirigibles, at a height of 375 feet above the street. Above the roof will rise the tower to a giddy elevation of 750 feet, on the apex of which is to be a huge electric light, that in addition to all else, will act as a landing signal for belated air-travellers. Mr. Woolworth the owner of the building is having the wharf constructed on the score of his belief in the future popularity of aviation, not only for pleasure but for commercial purposes, also.

—Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

fall, such as often comes in Alberta, will solve the difficulty to the satisfaction of the farmer.

Practically all the winter wheat crop in the Strathcona district is safe and in many localities the yield should average between thirty and thirty-five bushels to the acre, of really first-class grain. Barley is a uniformly heavy crop and will run at least twenty bushels to the acre, many fields being observed which showed prospects of over forty bushels. Fifty per cent. of the oat crop will in all probability be harvested within the next five days and in but few instances will the yield fall below fifty bushels per acre, while the majority of farms should average between sixty-five and seventy bushels."

AFTER making liberal deductions for possible frost damage, which has not come, The Winnipeg Free Press at the first of the month placed the Alberta wheat crop at 18,000,000 bushels. Last year the total yield for the province was only 7,900,000 bushels. The year before that was the best on record with 8,500,000, so that it is not difficult to appreciate what an enormous advance is shown. This does not account for any of the other grains. The oat crop is bound to be very large, but no estimate has yet been made in respect to it. The best yield hitherto was in 1909 when 24,819,000 bushels were produced. This should be doubled this season.

SIR Thomas Shaughnessy, accompanied by a party of C.P.R. directors and officials visited Edmonton on Sunday and inspected the work on the high level bridge. The huge retaining wall being built on the south side, the last of the concrete work, will, it is expected, be finished by the first of October. A month will then be allowed to elapse in order that this wall may settle when the track can be brought down to it. The steel work will be carried on through the winter.

Accompanying Sir Thomas were Mr. R. B. Angus, president of the Bank of Montreal, Mr. H. S. Holt, president of the Royal Bank, Toronto, Mr. A. M. Nanton, Winnipeg, Mr. E. T. Galt, Montreal, and Mr. Faithful Begg of London, Eng.

Chairman Smithers of the G.T.P., President Hays and party returned from the Yellowhead on Monday night and proceeded east after a short delay here.

His death occurred recently in Regina of Mr. J. W. Nay of the stock and bond firm of Nay and James. Mr. Nay was well known throughout the whole west, his financial operations being extensive. For many years he was in the employ of the Bank of Commerce. He was taken ill in Edmonton a year ago and spent some weeks in the hospital here.

Sir Reginald Vinters of Maidstone, England, for-

mer under-secretary for Scotland, was in Calgary last week, where he had an interview with Lieutenant-Governor Bulyea on matters concerning the Prudential Trust Company, Ltd., of Canada, of the London board of which Sir Reginald is deputy chairman. Sir Reginald has been in western Canada for the last few weeks inspecting the country as a field for investment.

"I think Canada offers opportunities for investment far better than in England, and fully as safe," Sir Reginald declared. "I am indeed very well impressed by all I have seen."

B. Hal Brown of Montreal, vice-president of the Prudential Trust company, is accompanying Sir Reginald on his trip through the West.

THE visit of the Duke of Sutherland and party, consisting of Lord Desborough, Lord Castlereagh, the Marquis of Stafford and Colonel Thompson, to the estate which he has established at Brooks, has aroused much interest in southern Alberta. They reached it on Sept. 4, leaving for Lethbridge on Sept. 9. On their return they will come north to the similar settlement which the Duke is having made near Clyde, between Edmonton and Athabasca Landing.

Sir Harold Harmsworth, a younger brother of Lord Northcliffe, reached Calgary last Saturday. He is making an extensive trip through the West.

ON the morning following the nomination of Mr. J. A. M. Aikens, as Conservative candidate for Brandon, the stock of the C. P. R. dropped five points. Mr. Aikens has been a good servant of the company and upon the acceptance of the nomination he intimated that he would resign his position as C.P.R. counsel. This action is a serious loss to the company, but it has not been clearly established that it caused so great a drop in the price of shares of that company. It may be a mere coincidence.—Winnipeg Town Topics.

The Innisfail Province says that oil experts have been investigating prospects in that district.

J. L. Haycock, Dominion inspector of binder twine, who was in Lethbridge last week, asserts that nearly three times as much twine will be used this fall as ever before in western lands and that it is quite probable that nearly 20,000 tons of twine will be used, or enough to encircle the world 150 times, which as the saying goes, is certainly some twine. His duties consist of examining all of the twine that is shipped into the three provinces and to see that it is of the proper length and that it contains the required number of feet to the pound.

IN reply to an enquiry from R. J. Daley, publicity commissioner for Alberta at Winnipeg, W. F. Stevens, live stock commissioner for Alberta, writes from his office at Edmonton that the outstanding features of the stock industry of this province for this year, are the excellent condition of all classes of animals, the marked improvements in the class of horses raised on the farms, which in the opinion of Mr. Stevens is very largely traceable to the excellent work done by the fairs and institutes branch; the interest that is being taken in the growing of mules and the success that has been attained in wool and mutton production.

THERE was a sale of a farm seven miles out from Hamilton, Ont., last week, and the enquiries made at the registry office brought out the information that in 1856 the land had been surveyed and divided into city lots.

No city ever grew there, however. The experience was not a singular one either.

In the late 50's of last century, when the railway began to make its influence felt, most of the towns along the line laid out for the Grand Trunk through Ontario—which was then known as Canada West—between Kingston and the Detroit-St. Clair frontier had their land booms.

THE Camrose Canadian says: "Many desirable farmers have located in the Camrose district this year and to those who will soon be added Elmer Bailey, of Sheffield, Iowa, who has purchased 680 acres in the Meelfee Creek district.

As will be seen from the clipping cut from a Sheffield, Iowa, paper and reproduced below, Mr. Bailey is an expert farmer and his settling in the

(Continued on page ten)

30 Jasper A. A. West

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growing during the past year or more been sufficient to tempt the farmer to try to get some of the good prices going?"

"Yes, and the farmers responded so promptly that the next crop of pigs was so large as to make it possible to reduce prices 4c per lb., or to within one cent of the point where there is nothing in it for the farmer."

"What is the nature of the instruction you gave in the matter of live stock production, particularly swine growing? Would mind making a statement on that point?"

"I consider it my duty to impart as much information as possible as to the cost of producing pork, the methods that have been found successful, the means of overcoming and preventing difficulties that arise, and the kind of housing best adapted to this climate. These things I try to do to the best of my ability, but I treat every farmer as if he had sufficient business sense to determine for himself whether the difference between the average cost of production, and the average market price is great enough to induce him to go into business."

What do you consider the average cost of production?"

"That depends on three important factors—the skill of the feeder, the cost of feed, and the extent to which the feeder is in the business. A skillful feeder, who is keeping only sufficient hogs to eat up by-products that would otherwise be wasted, can

grow pork as low as 3c or 3 1-2 c per lb., but at the moment the same feeder embarks into the business so largely that he is forced to use marketable grain, he will find his hogs costing him very close to 5c per lb., live weight, when they are ready to sell. Some claim that their hogs cost them even more than this, but the man who cannot "break even" at 5c under ordinary conditions, that is, with his feed costing him 90c per cwt. or less, lacks skill in feeding. If his feed costs him more than 90c per cwt. the cost of his hogs is likely to go over the 5c mark."

It is high time that the duty of governments in the matter of inducing farmers to engage in this or that branch of agricultural enterprise be more clearly defined than has been the case in the past, and the distinction shown by Mr. Stevens is, we think, correct. It is the duty of governments to impart such information on the subject of stock growing as is necessary to enable our farmers to produce at the lowest possible cost, in other words it is a proper field of activity for the government to aim at the development of skill in feeding and caring for live stock; but it is the duty of those interests that are dependent on this stock to supply the incentive to the farmer to grow it, or as Mr. Stevens states, the incentive to engage largely and permanently in stock growing must be applied at the marketing end of the business.

Jasper's Note Book

(Continued from page one)

sulted from his patient investigations and experiments with phosphorus are based the safety match. Upon his researches in electro-metallurgy are based nickel plating and electro disposition of other metals. If he had received a small percentage of the profits derived from the commercial uses to which his scientific discoveries were applied he would have been many times a millionaire.

Another interesting name recalled by the pension list is that of the late Frederick Greenwood. It is well known that owing to Greenwood's suggestion England acquired a controlling interest in the Suez Canal shares which represent an actual profit of \$100,000,000, apart from the incidental advantage resulting from the purchase. Greenwood made not a penny out of his knowledge. He could easily have made himself a wealthy man, but he considered that he had no right to make use of a State secret for his own pecuniary advantage. He died a poor man and the State has now awarded his daughters an annuity of \$500.

THE Edmonton campaign has been enlivened by the charges made by Mr. Griesbach that ballot boxes had been manufactured for use on Thursday next in the outlying parts of the constituency which could be opened without the breaking of the seal, thus allowing those in possession to do what they liked with the contents. His statement has been followed by emphatic denials on the part of the returning officer and by threats of legal proceedings if the charge is not withdrawn.

The Conservative candidate and his supporters insist that they have the affidavits to bear out the charge, though Mr. Griesbach acquits Mr. May of any personal knowledge of the alleged attempt at defrauding the constituency. What the exact facts are must soon be divulged.

ETHER the council or the commissioners must move from what is called the city hall, when already the different civic departments are scattered about to such an extent that an official directory is a necessity. Yet nothing has been done towards the erection of a new building. It would take some years to finish one that would be in keeping with the standing of the municipality. In what shape will the city's services be when they have expanded as they must with the growth that is in prospect in the immediate future?

Some months ago the mayor came out quite boldly with the statement that the city hall project must be faced immediately. But even the first preliminaries in the way of investigation as to the plans on which to proceed have not been launched. The matter should be taken up right away so that next spring the actual work of construction may commence. Otherwise the city is going to be put to very great loss and inconvenience.

M. R. A. B. Agar, who resigned his post as commissioner this week, was recognized all along as only a temporary occupant of the post, having been appointed by the council to make the power of the old commissioners a nullity. His retirement leaves the executive wholly in the hands of Mr. Candy and the Mayor. Nor, so far as the public knows, is there any immediate prospect of the appointment of a man to the board with the qualifications that the charter presupposes a commissioner will possess.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the right man may be obtained but it is quite evident that he is not to be picked up any day. That was why it appeared to many a mistake to try to get rid of Mr. Bouillon in the midst of a season's work. He was very far from an ideal official but with all his drawbacks he had undoubtedly the technical experience, joined with perfect integrity, that would stand him in good stead in facing the large problems that are pressing for solution.

Mr. Owens, the provincial sanitary engineer, took ground strongly in favor of the Pigeon Lake water scheme at the meeting of the Medical association on Wednesday night. His opinion should not be lightly passed over. He stands high in his profession and being on the spot he has had unusual opportunities of studying the needs of the city and the merits of the different schemes suggested.

The Chief of Police announces that he intends to prosecute those who have been discharging firearms within the city limits. Such a shocking disregard of public safety calls for strong measures. Since the opening of the shooting season a walk into the outskirts of the city has been fraught with not a little danger.

THE ratepayers are to be given the opportunity of saying by a plebiscite to be held on Sept. 26 whether they favor the establishment of a municipal gas plant or the granting of a franchise to a company. Such a vote strikes one as wholly unnecessary. Whatever the result it would have to be followed by another. Seeing that the International bargain received so large a majority and failed by so small a margin of securing the necessary two-thirds, would it not be simpler to resubmit this first of all and then, if it failed, to go on with the municipal plant project. The large vote in favor of the franchise leads one to suppose that the majority of the ratepayers are in favor of having a company supply this utility if a good bargain can be made with it.

ACTRESS SAYS EYES TELL STORY OF SOUL

MISS Marie Campbell, one of the principals in "45 Minutes from Broadway", the big musical comedy which comes here for 3 days starting Thursday, Sept. 21, has a fact that is unusual among players, who are not ordinarily given to the pursuit of studies outside their own art.

Character reading is her hobby, and she declares that she can form a correct estimate of a person's character in a few moments after being introduced.

The Eye, according to Miss Campbell, is a sure test of character and here are a few results as which she has arrived at after months of careful study:

If the eyes are placed too close together, the owner is jealous and critical.

If the eyes are far apart, the owner has a good memory and good intelligence.

Deep set eyes show melancholy and moodiness. Protruding eyes indicate self indulgence.

Wide open round eyes show a mind that is not developed, is credulous and serious about small gossip, the owner is liable to be short on self control.

If the eye is oval, almost almond shaped with an outward droop, shaped to a point, look out for a crafty and subtle nature.

Grey eyes are those of intellect and well balanced character, they show unselfishness and a strict sense of justice, when put below a broad high forehead they denote great talent.

Brown eyes with a touch of hazel, show courage, intelligence and affection. When a hazel eye has an arched eye-brow it shows a fickle nature.

Velvety brown eyes show intense feeling and are not often to be trusted.

A glittering black eye show meagre intelligence and often physical courage.

Very light blue eyes are said to be a mark of cruelty.

Violet eyes are loving and ardent, but are impetuous and do not indicate a very high order of intellect.

Is she right in her deductions? Take a very good look at your friends and figure it out for yourself.

GRAND OPERA STARS TO BE HEARD IN CONCERT HERE

Music lovers of this city will be provided with some choice operatic selections in the concert to be given here on Oct. 6 at the Thistle Rink, when Riccardo Martin, leading tenor with Caruso at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, and Alice Neilson, prima donna soprano of the same company, will appear at the head of an organization consisting of eight grand opera artists.

The effort of the management directing the tour has been to secure an artistic personnel of even balance. Martin is universally regarded as the most conspicuous figure among American operatic tenors, and among the first half dozen singers in the profession. The recent engagement of Miss Neilson by the Metropolitan company indicates that she is looked upon as an artist of first calibre.

Those who are following the career of Martin were disappointed when he declined an invitation to sing at the Kursaal in Ostend, at the close of his second season at Covent Garden, only a few weeks ago. An invitation of this kind is considered one of the highest honors in the musical world and is usually eagerly sought after even by the world's greatest artists. The tenor said he had been singing continuously for nearly ten months and wanted a rest.

In London Martin deepened the impression made during his initial Covent Garden season, all his leading roles, especially as Dick Johnson in the "Girl of the Golden West," were declared by the leading musical critics of the British metropolis to be finished vocal and dramatic portrayals.

The rapid singing and histrionic growth of Alice Neilson continues to be a matter of printed comment, and since her triumph as Mimi in "La Boheme," her place as a permanent leading soprano of the New York Metropolitan Opera Co. is undisputed.

With two such great artists at their head, the galaxy of "Grand Opera Singers" hooked to appear here on the 6th of October, should prove a red letter day in our musical history. The subscription lists are being added to daily, and from enquiries from outside points there is no doubt that lovers of music from nearby towns will flock to the city to hear this musical treat.

GRAND VIEW HEIGHTS STRATHCONA

Will with amalgamation and the completion of the High Level Bridge become of first-class importance from a residential standpoint. Two good lots may be had there for \$150 each on immediate cash sale. Box H. SATURDAY NEWS

CUSTOM TAILORING

PERSONALITY in our Clothes can now be expressed more easily when selecting your Suit from our stock of exclusive patterns. We have at your disposal the largest assortment of confined woollens displayed in the West.

We have taken great pains in making this selection and we will be pleased to show you. No matter how critical your taste, it can be suited here, whether in Worsteds, finished or unfinished; Fancy Cheviots, English, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, topped with an assortment of genuine Harris tweeds in the brightest designs.

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Home and Society

There is really very little of a social nature doing at the Capital just at present. Political meetings, Millinery and Fall Openings generally are taking up any superfluous time, after getting young sons and daughters ready for their schools and colleges.

In order to go to or give a brilliant tea, or other social function, clothes are a prime necessity. And, as the big showing of Fall and Winter novelties are just being opened up, you may be very sure that nothing very ambitious will be given for a week or so yet.

The Hospital Dance on the 29th is the only genuinely interesting distraction in sight. As it is always a smart and highly successful function, already the dancing set are eagerly anticipating that date.

I hear rumors of a big tea and a garden party in the near future, but, they are still only a little bird's whispirings.

"Do you think we're in for a gay season?" many query.

"I'm sure I don't know."

If what every second person tells you is true about "bawling" everyone else parties, you may count on a deluge.

I think myself that until politics get straightened out, and people know where they're at--well they'll go a bit cannily. Certainly all the fine new houses that are going up should mean that they will be put to some social use. After next week--Sept. 21st--I'll be a much better prognosticator.

Lady Ross and Mrs. Belden of Toronto, who are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Peel, have been the centre of many social gatherings and delightful informal little functions given in their honor during the past few days. Lady Ross is visiting Alberta for the first time, not having previously been further west than Manitoba.--Strathcona Plaindealer.

A particularly charming small tea was given by Mrs. Rutherford on Saturday afternoon, about twenty guests were invited to meet Lady Ross and Mrs. Belden of Toronto. An abundance of prettily arranged flowers made the spacious home of the hostess look especially dainty and attractive. Asters were the flowers used in the library, where M. S. Rutherford received, and in the dining room the decorative scheme was of pink sweet peas. Mrs. Revell poured tea and Miss Mabel Grant and Miss Hazel Rutherford were the attendants. Amongst the guests were observed Mrs. Tory, Mrs. Broadus, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. F. A. Peel, Mrs. Lettich, Miss Peel, Mrs. Sheldon and Mrs. Grant. Music in the drawing room added to the pleasure of a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.--Strathcona Plaindealer.

Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M. P. for Sunderland, Eng., and his bride sailed for Canada on Aug. 20th, and will visit Edmonton among other places, en route to the Coast.

Miss Beatrice Crawford and her mother, Mrs. Crawford, who has recently returned from the East to again take up her residence in Edmonton, are leaving their apartment in the Arlington the end of this month, to take a suite in the Wize Block.

Announcement is made by Commissioner and Mrs. Perry of Regina of the approaching marriage of the daughter, Jean Gladys, to Inspector George Leslie Jennings, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. The ceremony will take place at the chapel of the Royal North West Mounted Police at Regina on Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 4 p. m.

The engagement is announced of Miss Florence Helen Rourke, daughter of Mr. H. W. Rourke, of Vancouver, to Mr. J. D. Gunn, of Saskatoon, formerly of Edmonton. The marriage will take place in Saskatoon on September 26.

The engagement was announced in Ottawa recently of Mr. W. H. Rowley, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, to Miss Elsie Ritchie, youngest daughter of the late Sir William Ritchie, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada. The marriage takes place in December.

Mr. Townshend, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Sturrock, and Mr. Newton have taken Suite Six in the Arlington Block.

Mrs. Bramley Moore and her family have returned from an extended visit in the East.

Mrs. Arthur Murphy's next book, "Open Trails", is to appear simultaneously in March, in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Readers of her other books will be interested to learn of what new phase of Western life Janev Cawek's sharp eyes have been taking notice. "Open Trails" opens up a wide field for speculation.

At the Hospital Ball, Sept. 29th, as I think of it, the City Band will furnish the music. There will be a delicious "sit-down" supper. The decorations will be in the hands of Mrs. Sydney Woods, which means another way of saying that they will be exceptionally beautiful and out of the ordinary, and Mrs. D. J. MacNamara will have charge of the tickets. Did I remark before that it will take place in the Thistle Rink?

Last Thursday Miss Bush of Strathcona gave a very pretty tea in honor of Mrs. Shipman of Ottawa, and Miss Thomas of MacLeod, both of whom assisted her in receiving. Quite a number went over from Edmonton, and enjoyed thoroughly the opportunity of meeting not only the visiting guests of honor, but making the better acquaintance of some of the very attractive Strathcona women, one unfortunately sees only too little of on this side of the river.

The tea-table was a charming arrangement of sweet peas and hop vines, and was very much admired.

Mrs. Richard Secord, Mrs. John York, and Miss Nellie Haight return this week from a delightful tour abroad of several months duration. The Misses Lena and Jean Secord, who also were members of the party, remained over in Toronto where they will attend College.

Mrs. Fawcett entertained at the tea hour on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Osler and Mr. Hugh Osler of Toronto were in town on Monday, guests of the King Edward Hotel.

Mr. P. J. Nolan of Calgary was also registered there during the sitting of the Railway Commission, early in the week.

Dr. J. D. Harrison left on Monday to spend a short holiday, duck-shooting.

Mrs. John McIntosh was the hostess of a huge tea last Friday, Miss Bena Sils of Beleville being the guest of honor.

Mrs. Bayfield Williams has returned to town after spending the summer in Prince Edward Island. For the present she is the guest of Mrs. M. J. McLeod.

Mr. Newton McTavish of Toronto, editor of The Canadian Magazine, is expected in the city some this week.

Mrs. R. Percy Barnes reached home on Monday after a visit to her daughter at Chase, B. C. On her return trip Mrs. Barnes spent a week at Banff with Mrs. Douglas.

The christening of the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. N. Connell was solemnized at Christ Church on Sunday the third inst., by the Rev. W. A. Jefferson, Rector. The child was named "William Edward Nightingale" and Mrs. Lindsay and John Somerville, Senior, were the godparents. W. M. Connell and Mrs. Connell of Woodstock, N. B., grandparents, G. Donald Connell, of Calgary, uncle, Dr. Redmond Wm. Sinclair, and John Somerville Junior, were present at the ceremony.

Mr. W. M. Connell, Barister at Law, and Mrs. Connell of Woodstock, are visiting their sons at Edmonton and Calgary. They expect to go to the coast in a few days, and will return to spend the winter in Edmonton and Calgary.

Mrs. Jack Smyth will receive the third Monday of every month, at No. 225 Jasper West.



MISS MARJORIE CUNARD

Miss Marjorie Cunard, grand-daughter of the Cunard Line, whose marriage to Mr. Robert Vernon Harcourt, brother of the Colonial secretary took place in London recently.

HOW HYPNOTISTS DUPE THEIR AUDIENCES

Dr. Minnock, formerly a travelling hypnotist, has been making some confessions in the Toronto Star. He writes:--"I had some of my best fun and liveliest excitement on the road when I was giving stage exhibitions of hypnotism. I may say that, not only have I appeared myself as the "Great Sevengala," but I have taught many of the best known hypnotists to-day. I can speak for all stage hypnotists, but I do know that those taught by me are fakes and are fooling their audience. The public, however, either believes it all to be genuine or rather enjoys being fooled at any rate. Hypnotism in every form makes a widespread human interest appeal. The mass of people live monotonous, work-a-day, lives, little brightness and even less excitement. All their customs and habits, their whole mode of life is ordinary, and they, therefore, snatch eagerly at anything bordering on the extraordinary. It is this characteristic of human nature which explains the rogue of spiritualism, and it also accounts for hypnotism. To my mind, one is as much a fake as the other.

I took my stage name "Sevengala," from the novel "Trilby." I had it registered, and tried to keep it for myself. On frequent occasions, however, other men appropriated it. From my experience with show people, I would say that if they had the chance they would take everything from you, even your life.

The stage hypnotist must have a competent head subject, who in reality is business manager for the company. He hires five or six men to travel all the time with the organization, and these are the men who perform the chief antics on the stage, and who are, so to speak, the end men. When the crowd reaches a town the head subject engages a number of local men to assist in the entertainment. It is always easy to pick up some ne'er-do-wells who are only too glad to take or do anything else for a couple of dollars. These men are given full instructions in the afternoon, and in the evening take their places with the audience. When I, as the hypnotist, call for volunteers, they come up on the stage. Usually no one else ventures, but if an outsider does offer his services I adopt one of two methods. Either, after making one or two attempts to hypnotize him, I say he is not a good subject and let him go, or I take the risk and go on with him. When I put the men to sleep, for example, and tell them that when they open their eyes they will see something ridiculous, and when they pretend they are hypnotized and roar with laughter, this odd man, nine times out of ten, will laugh and carry on with them. When the stranger goes back to his seat and tells his friends that he was not hypnotized at all, they don't believe him.

"Why, you were slapping your knees and laughing until the tears rolled down your cheeks!" they will tell him. Don't try to make us believe you weren't hypnotized. Once in a long while one of the men we have hired in a town will go back on us and call "fake." It seldom happens, however, for most of the men employed are too anxious to get their two dollars. If it does occur, however, and we are charged with deception, I become exceedingly wrathful with the head subject, blame the whole affair on him, say that anything irregular or dishonest without my knowledge, and discharge the head assistant on the spot. This method invariably restores public confidence. The head subject joins me at the next town, and we go on as usual.

In regard to the actual exhibition, I can state positively that, in my own case, it was altogether a fraud. I have never seen a true instance of hypnotism. To put a man to sleep, and then command him with your voice to do anything you say, is in my opinion impossible. Remember, I do believe in the power of concentration and of suggestion. I can let a man think that he can't drop a broom he is grasping lightly in man can make a buyer believe that he really must have some particular article.

I can put a subject to sleep, but it is only ordinary sleep. I make all these confessions willingly now for I have quit the business of

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SATURDAY NEWS

faking once for all.

People may ask me, what about the cases where a man is put to sleep, stretched across the backs of two chairs, and subjected to the weight of two or three men standing on him? My answer is: "There is nothing particularly wonderful about it at all, and anyone with sufficient self-confidence could do it. It is nerve. The men who do that trick were not in a hypnotic state; by long practice they have trained themselves to keep perfectly rigid and to control their circulation and keep it at a very low point. If a person did it in ordinary circumstances without the glamor of the stage and the weirdness of the hypnotic atmosphere, it would not be considered a bit marvelous. The hypnotist, however, has a great advantage. All the conditions are favorable for deceiving the people. They come in the belief that they will see something extraordinary, unnatural, and miraculous, and are therefore good subjects for deception. The elaborate ritual of the hypnotist helps him along--his light, stealthy step, the bizarre Oriental jewelry he usually wears, and above all, the passes and the motions, the weird intonation of his voice as he rocks his subject to stupefying slumber, and, finally, his smothered whisper to the audience, as he points to the motionless subjects and says: "He sleeps." I venture to say that up and down the back of nearly every person in the audience cold shivers are coursing, and excited tremors are passing through the brain. Friends of mine in the audience often tell me that they have made the man sitting next them jump, simply by touching his hand accidentally at a critically nervous moment in the performance.

No wonder, therefore, that it is easy to dupe such an audience. No wonder they believe that the men are really hypnotized who are making fools of themselves on the platform, imitating monkeys and cirriffs, hipopotami, and sea-lions, trying to climb up the wall, and playing the violin with a book, and a rung of a chair.